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THE CHACE.

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A POEM.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.
VIRG. GEORG. III.

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Vitæque, et membris.
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THE SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:
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1908

THE

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at leaſt this privilege, that they can recal to their minds thoſe ſcenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt pleaſures, with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment. For thoſe ideas, to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gayeties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris,
Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul curruſque virûm miratur inanes.

Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repôſtos.
VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharneſs'd ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if at my leiſure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, ſome of thoſe chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myſelf, I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions in the Georgick manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they

they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than MARKHAM, BLOME, and the other proſe writers upon this ſubject.

IT is moſt certain, that hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war; and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their other victories. XENOPHON ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, NESTOR, THESEUS, CASTOR, POLLUX, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, ACHILLES, &c. were Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν, diſciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. XEN. CYNEGETIC. And PLINY obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains, were firſt taught *certare cum fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu:* to conteſt with the ſwifteſt wild beaſts, in ſpeed; with the boldeſt, in ſtrength; with the moſt cunning, in craft and ſubtilty. PLIN. PANEGYR. And the ROMAN emperors, in

thoſe monuments they erected to tranſmit their actions to future ages, made no ſcruple to join the glories of the chace to their moſt celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do juſtice to this heroick exerciſe. Beſide that of OPPIAN in GREEK, we have ſeveral poems in LATIN upon hunting. GRATIUS was contemporary with OVID; as appears by this verſe,

Aptaque venanti GRATIUS *arma dabit.*
LIB. IV. PONT.

GRATIUS ſhall arm the huntſman for the chace.

But of his works only ſome fragments remain. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongſt theſe NEMESIANUS, who ſeems very much ſuperior to GRATIUS, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his firſt book is preſerved. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by VIRGIL in his third Georgick, ſince it is expreſsly part of his ſubject. But he has favoured us only with ten verſes; and what he ſays of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and maſtiffs.

Veloce

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum.
GEORG. III.

The greyhound ſwift, and maſtiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Paſce ſero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in theſe latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of purſuing wild beaſts by the ſcent only, with a regular and well-diſciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they muſt have paſſed for poachers amongſt our modern ſportſmen. The muſter-roll given us by OVID, in his ſtory of ACTÆON, is of all ſorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the deſcription of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de MONTFAUCON taken from the Sepulchre of the NASOS, and the Arch of CONSTANTINE, has not the leaſt trace of the manner now in uſe.

WHENEVER the ancients mention dogs followed by the ſcent, they mean no more than

finding out the game by the noſe of one ſingle dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis*. Thus NEMESIANUS ſays,

Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.

They challenge on the mead the recent ſtains,
And trail the hare unto her ſecret form.

OPPIAN has a long deſcription of theſe dogs in his firſt book, from *ver.* 479 to 526. And here, though he ſeems to deſcribe the hunting of the hare by the ſcent through many turnings and windings; yet he really ſays no more, than that one of thoſe hounds, which he calls ἰχνευλῆρες, finds out the game. For he follows the ſcent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by ſight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whoſe judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody diſputes, and whoſe approbation gave me the aſſurance to publiſh this poem.

OPPIAN alſo obſerves, that the beſt ſort of theſe finders were brought from BRITAIN; this

this iſland having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the beſt breed of hounds, for perſons the beſt ſkilled in the art of hunting, and for horſes the moſt enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this ſubject; which is without doubt very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect, eſſay, will ſhew the world they have at leaſt ſome taſte for poetry.

THE ancients eſteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exerciſe, but as highly conducive to health. The famous GALEN recommends it above all others as not only exerciſing the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wiſe men, and well-ſkilled in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*

THE gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the cloſe of every verſe, and think no poem truly

truly muſical but what is in rhyme, will here find themſelves diſappointed. If they be pleaſed to read over the ſhort preface before the PARADISE LOST, Mr. SMITH's poem in memory of his friend Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, and the Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY's letter to Monſieur FONTENELLE, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I ſhall not be aſhamed to follow the example of MILTON, PHILIPS, THOMSON, and all our beſt tragick writers.

SOME few terms of art are diſperſed here and there; but ſuch only as are abſolutely requiſite to explain my ſubject. I hope in this the criticks will excuſe me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the neceſſary uſe, is the proper object of their cenſure.

BUT I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I ſhall therefore leave my reader to ſuch diverſion as he may find in the poem itſelf.

En age, ſegnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique

Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark, away,
Caſt far behind the lingering cares of life.
CITHÆRON calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, TAYGETUS. EPIDAURUS trains
For us the gen'rous ſteed; the hunter's ſhouts,
And chearing cries, aſſenting woods return.

TO

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Eſq;

ON HIS POEM CALLED

THE CHACE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the ſteep aſcent to fame,
And honours due to deathleſs merit claim;
To a weak Muſe a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with juſt praiſe your labours to commend,
And tell the world, that SOMERVILE's her friend.
Her incenſe guiltleſs of the forms of art
Breathes all the huntſman's honeſty of heart;
Whoſe fancy ſtill the pleaſing ſcene retains
Of EDRIC's villa and ARDENNA's plains:
Joys, which from change ſuperior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarſe ſounding by the lyre reliev'd:
When the day crown'd with rural chaſte delight,
Reſigns obſequious to the feſtive night;
The feſtive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in ſweet verſe recounts the triumphs of the day.

STRANGE!

STRANGE! that the BRITISH Muſe ſhould
leave ſo long,
The Chace, the ſport of BRITAIN's kings, unſung!
Diſtinguiſh'd land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The ſtout, ſagacious hound, and gen'rous ſteed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our iſle,
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan toil.
For this what darling ſon ſhall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
SOMERVILE meditates th' advent'rous ſong.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous verſe the huntſman's art ſhall tell.
From him, ye BRITISH youths, a vig'rous race,
Imbibe the various ſcience of the chace;
And while the well-plann'd ſyſtem you admire,
Know BRUNSWICK only could the work inſpire:
A Georgick Muſe awaits AUGUSTAN days,
And SOMERVILES will ſing, when FREDERICKS
give the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

THE CHACE.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
And in my boſom feel poetic fire.
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.
What, tho' I daily turn each learned ſage,
And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the ſteel.
Tho' in ſulphureous clouds of ſmoke confin'd,
Thy rural ſcenes ſpring freſh into my mind.
Thy genius in ſuch colours paints the chace,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild muſick charms my raviſh'd ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs HANDEL's notes appear!
Ev'n FARENELLI's ſelf the palm reſigns,
He yields—but to the muſick of thy lines.

If

If friends to poetry can yet be found ;
Who without bluſhing ſenſe prefer to ſound ;
Then let this ſoft, this ſoul-enfeebling band,
Theſe warbling minſtrels quit the beggar'd land.
They but a momentary joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the ſoul, and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy ſylvan ſports appear !
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchſafe an ear,
Might her fond luſt of pow'r a while compoſe,
And gladly change it for thy ſweet repoſe.
No fierce, unruly ſenates, threaten here,
No axe, no ſcaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, diſappointment and deſpair.
Here, bleſt viciſſitude, whene'er you pleaſe,
You ſtep from exerciſe to learned eaſe :
Turn o'er each claſſic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unwearied in the pleaſing chace.
Oh ! would kind Heav'n ſuch happineſs beſtow,
Let fools, let knaves, be maſters here below.
Grandeur and place, thoſe baits to catch the wiſe,
And all their pageant train, I pity and deſpiſe.

J. TRACY.

If

The ARGUMENT of the First Book.

THE subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. *The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the* NORMANS. *The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of* ENGLAND *and* SCOTLAND. *A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.*

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CHACE.

A

POEM.

THE CHACE I ſing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no leſs various uſe. O thou Great Prince!
Whom CAMBRIA's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive ſong.
While grateful citizens with pompous ſhew,
Rear the triumphal arch; rich with th' exploits
Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire, and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotick minſtrels, and ſhrill pipes,

The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the ſport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right and guileful, ſhou'd invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhou'd ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy paſſage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inſpir'd by thee
The nobler chace of glory ſhall purſue
Thro' fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature,

Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach Perfection's height:
So mimick Art works leiſurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the wood-land green with purple dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcow'r the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clam'rous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpriz'd alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erſt they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain

Wide-waſting, and grim ſlaughter red with blood
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt
Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad, the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmokes a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began
The chace of beaſts: tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's lab'ring race,
*Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So juſt is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Or

Or chance or induſtry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neustria's coaſts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To chear the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſt'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis giv'n

To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Chearful his courſe; and ere his beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant ſteams, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts,
The huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping herd and chear his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by ſmiling Fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,

Heap'd

Heap'd copious by your wife fore-fathers care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T'enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor: To rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain, to chear the pack
Op'ning in conforts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; tho' blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded vet'ran's ſole delight.

First let the Kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The ſun's all-chearing beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming light, and merry lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil they refulgent brow,
In vain the muſes aid, untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy deſponding bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd lay.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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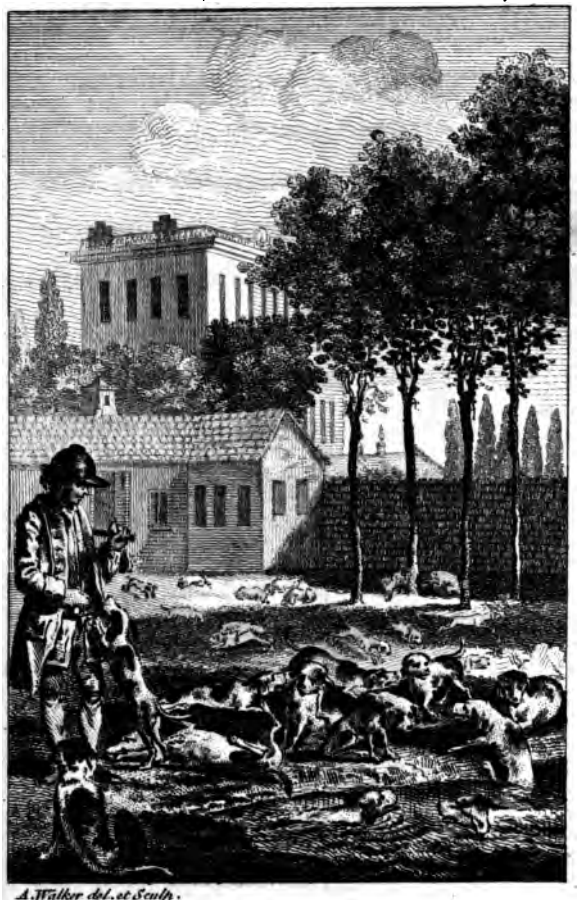


A. Walker del. et Sculp.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better diſpos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who ſhrinks beneath the blaſt, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For uſe, not ſtate,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment riſe.
O'er all let cleanlineſs preſide, no ſcraps
Beſtrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer ſenſe, on which the ſportſman's hope,
And all his future triumphs muſt depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full ciſtern lead the ductile ſtreams,
To waſh thy court well pav'd, nor ſpare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for hounds to climb the rocky ſteep,
And bruſh th' entangled covert, whoſe nice ſcent
O'er greaſy fallows, and frequented roads

Can

Can pick the dubious way? Baniſh far off
Each noiſome ſtench, let no offenſive ſmell
Invade thy wide incloſure, but admit
The nitrous air, and purifying breeze.

Water and ſhade no leſs demand thy care:
In a large ſquare th' adjacent field incloſe,
There plant in equal ranks the ſpreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; moſt happy thy deſign,
If at the bottom of thy ſpacious court,
A large canal fed by the cryſtal brook,
From its tranſparent boſom ſhall reflect
Downward thy ſtructure and inverted grove.
Here when the ſun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler ſhades
Lead forth the panting tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:

Tu-

Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the ſtream,
There lave their reeking ſides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From ſhore to ſhore they ſwim, while clamour, cloud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the ſunny band they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping limbs, or elſe in wanton rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſu'd,
The merry multitude diſporting play.

But here with watchful and obſervant eye,
Attend their frolicks, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy reſounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in ſport
Begun, combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
Beſmear'd,

Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble crowd
Loud-clam'ring ſeize the helpleſs worried wretch,
And thirſting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
His mangled carcaſs on th' enſanguin'd plain.
O breaſts of pity void! t' oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,
And with one mutual cry inſult the fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of man's degen'rate race.

Others apart by native inſtinct led,
Knowing inſtructor! 'mong the ranker graſs
Cull each ſalubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes preſcribes

A ready remedy, and is himſelf
Their great phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wiſe old hound,
Regardleſs of the frolick pack, attends
His maſter's ſide, or ſlumbers at his eaſe
Beneath the bending ſhade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his ſpeed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to ſeize his panting prey:
And in imperfect whimp'rings ſpeaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous, courſing crew; intent
On blood and ſpoil. O blaſt their hopes, juſt Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay

With

With diſappointment and ſevere remorſe.
But huſband thou thy pleaſures, and give ſcope
To all her ſubtle play: by nature led
A thouſand ſhifts ſhe tries; t' unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious beagle twiſts his waving tail.
Thro' all her labyrinths purſues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning noſe
Upward he curls, and his large ſloe-black eyes
Melt in ſoft blandiſhments, and humble joy;
His gloſſy ſkin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or ſhades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On ſhoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;

His

His round cat foot, ſtrait hams, and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-dropping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, or on the ſteepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in ev'ry part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer ſkill
Of PHIDIAS himſelf can't blame thy choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: But if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſhelt'ring thorn.
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.

As

As ſome brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how juſt! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or ſtately ſtag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;

Whoſe

Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round
head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging
voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: The bold Talbot kind
Of theſe the prime, as white as ALPINE ſnows;
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of TWEED, flow winding thro' the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere BRITONS knew
The ſweets of peace, or ANNA's dread com-
mands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well-train'd and
ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport:
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudful art

Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: In vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the footy cloud, and ruddy flames
That iſſu'd from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life: A debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe,
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

That

That utters loud his rage, attentive ſhears:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low-bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till conſcious of the recent ſtains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail
Atteſt his joy; then with deep op'ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſt'ning crowd
Applaud his reaſ'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!

Shou'd ſome more curious ſportſman here enquire,
Whence this ſagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way,
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs

By

By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To ev'ry ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
The vig'rous hounds purſue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forebode a bluſt'ring ſtormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink

Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome

Enlarge

Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſaunt'ring youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide.
Be thou of other mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that chace. Tranſition to the ASIATICK *way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other* TARTARIAN *princes, taken from Monſieur* BERNIER, *and the hiſtory of* GENGISKAN *the Great. Concludes with a ſhort reproof of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.*

BOOK THE SECOND.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that Inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimicks reaſon's lore
And oft tranſcends: Heav'n-taught the roe-buck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills

Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.

'Tis Inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuſe her ſoft abode: With ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.

As wand'ring ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp, now, on ſome cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: So the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Shou'd mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes

Of

Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and cloſe they ſit.
When ſpring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: When ſummer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd
In the long graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain

His

His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhow'rs; the fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind power inviſible!

To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains, where the ſtrain'd eye
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,

And

And orient pearls from ev'ry ſhrub depend.
Farewel, Cleora; here deep ſunk in down
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolick play:
So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;

A thou-

A thouſand wanton gayeties expreſs
Their inward extaſy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April ſhow'rs deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay, men, horſes, dogs,
And in each ſmiling countenance appears
Freſh blooming health, and univerſal joy.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the cluſt'ring pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher voice obey:
Spare not the ſtraggling cur, that wildly roves;
But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments; let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

HERE on this verdant ſpot, where Nature kind
With double bleſſings crown the farmer's hopes;
Where flow'rs autumnal ſpring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repaſt;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they ſpread,
And range around, and daſh the glitt'ring dew.
If ſome ſtanch hound, with his authentick voice,
Avow the recent trail, the juſtling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleaſing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager haſte; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a pauſe
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more aſſur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!

Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd graſs that clings
Around her head, of the ſame ruſſet hue
Almoſt deceiv'd my ſight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At diſtance draw thy pack, let all be huſh'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Left the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known Muſe ſhe flies! Here, huntſman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy noſtrils ſnuff the fuming ſteam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let looſe
From the dark caverns of the bluſt'ring God,

They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while ſhe's ſpurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chace, give all your ſouls to joy!
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce print
The graſs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining hedge: The riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands, by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,

Vexations,

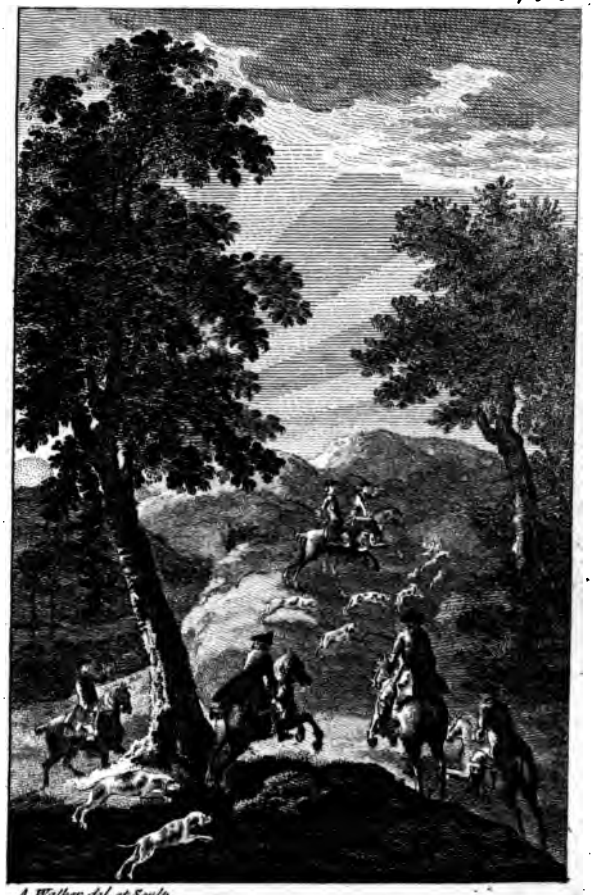
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind

Huntsman! her gait obſerve; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten track.
But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold courſe; leſs intricate thy taſk:
Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſeize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where thoſe tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious triumphs burſt in ev'ry gale
Upon our raviſh'd ears! The hunters ſhout,

The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet-winding notes,
The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads, his priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls
Deſert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmoſt bound

Slily



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

YOUNG MENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue
The foe ſhe flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and ſtratagems inſpire,
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.
But hold — I ſee her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new courſe to take,
And how t'eſcape the fierce bloody-thirſty crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in vollies loud
Inſult her woes, and mock her ſore diſtreſs.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring ſtorm, her fears prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away ſhe flies; nor ſhips with wind and tide,
And all their canvaſs wings, ſcud half ſo faſt.

Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courſer's ſpeed. We ſcour along,
In pleaſing hurry and confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient pack
Hang on the ſcent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our lab'ring ſteeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the ſummit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe a while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrival'd ſpeed
Can paſs his fellows, and with pleaſure view
The ſtruggling pack; how in the rapid courſe
Alternate they preſide, and joſtling puſh
To guide the dubious ſcent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer age reprov'd;
How niggard of his ſtrength, the wiſe old hound
Hangs in the rear, till ſome important point
Rouſe all his diligence, or till the chace

Sinking he finds: then to the head he ſprings
With thirſt of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntſman, take heed; they ſtop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful ſenſe; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sally'd a while at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they loſt! — That eager haſte
Some doubling wile foreſhews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd,—hold back with ſpeed—on either hand
They flouriſh round—ev'n yet perſiſt—'Tis right,
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling ſtubbles bend
Beneath the driving ſtorm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her laſt ſhifts reduc'd.

From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With love and plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!
The ſweat that clogs th' obſtructed pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid ſcent. And now in open view
See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick ſhe turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant ſcreams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious BACCHANALS aſſail'd
THREICIAN ORPHEUS, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and HEBRUS' banks,
Return'd

Return'd their clam'rous rage; diſtreſs'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they purſue, till panting, faint,
By noiſy multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks,
To the relentleſs crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntſman now, a deep inciſion made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and daſhes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quivering heart.
Theſe claim the pack, the bloody perquiſite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground ſhe lies,
A mangled corſe; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and ſtiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their maſter's foot,
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applauſe,
With humble adulation cow'ring low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her ſolemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack

The concert ſwell, and hills and dales return
The ſadly-pleaſing ſounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, daſtard animal, but vers'd
In ſubtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aſpiring ſoul diſdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chace;
Hear what the muſe from faithful records ſings.

Why on the banks of Gemna Indian ſtream,
Line within line, riſe the pavilions proud,
Their ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horſe? From tent to tent,
Why preſs in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous hoſt,
Lays waſte the provinces; nor glory fires

To

To rob, and to deſtroy, beneath the name
And ſpecious guiſe of war. A nobler cauſe
Calls AURENGZEBE to arms. No cities ſack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpleſs orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with ſharp remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious victor: But mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on beaſts
He draws his vengeful ſword; on beaſts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial DEHLI op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them ſound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Born on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of TAMUR's glorious race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. OMRAHS about him crowd,
And rein th' ARABIAN ſteed, and watch his nod;

And

And potent RAJAHS, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves.
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court: a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah cruel EASTERN law (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-chearing ray,
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and DEHLI mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with ſtern review,
Thro' groves of ſpears, from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd

On

ı theſe extended plains, when AMMON's ſon
ith mighty PORUS in dread battle join'd,
ıe vaſſal world the prize. Nor was that hoſt
ɔre numerous of old, which the great king*
ur'd out on GREECE from all th' unpeopled
East;
ıat bridg'd the HELLESPONT from ſhore to ſhore,
ıd drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
ıe buſy hunter-train mark out the ground,
wide circumference; full many a league
compaſs round; woods, rivers, hills and plains,
rge provinces; enough to gratify
ıbition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
ın's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
ıe mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
from the throne high-eminent preſides,
ve out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
ɔm ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,

* XERXES.

And

And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command,
Thoſe execute with ſpeed, and punctual care;
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war:
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult,
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high reſolve,
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line,
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So by the ſun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb:
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air, th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'

nblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;
id like a ſheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom
eaming meteorous. The ſoldiers ſhouts,
id all the brazen inſtruments of war,
ith mutual clamour, and united din,
ll the large concave. While from camp to camp,
hey catch the varied ſounds, floating in air,
ound all the wide circumference, tygers fell
rink at the noiſe, deep in his gloomy den
he lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
rop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
nward they march embattled, to the ſound
f martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
hat rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms, and bold
eroick deeds. In parties here and there
etach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
quiſitive; ſtrong dogs that match in fight
he boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they drive

From

From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fire
Gleam from the mountain tops; the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes; growling along,
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed ſpears
Preſent immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her ſable veil forbids the chace,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper diſtances aſcending riſe,
And paint the horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome iſland's ſhore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,

Seem

Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of ſurrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Diſturb thoſe peaceful ſhades! where erſt the bird
That glads the night, had chear'd the liſt'ning groves
With ſweet complainings. Thro' the ſilent gloom
Oft they the guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild deſpair.
Thus day by day, they ſtill the chace renew,
At night encamp; till now in ſtreighter bounds
The circle leſſens, and the beaſts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry ſide.
And now their fury burſts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Againſt their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves:

Horrible diſcord! till the crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath ſubſides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and ſubdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in diſtreſs.

At laſt within the narrow plain confin'd,
A liſted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome cou'd boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early reſolv'd t' aſſert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has ſpread

Its

Its curling shade. On bold ARABIAN steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty AURENGZEBE,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd

With death, and javelins launch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall ſore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting nature ſhrinks, and rouſes all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad ſhields
Quick interpoſe; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the ground
The grinning monſters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle ſtand
The truſty ſlaves; with pointed ſpears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An eaſier paſſage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his laſt; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his ſpotted ſkin,
Tho' ſleek it ſhine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.

The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horſes, dogs, fierce beaſts of ev'ry kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amaſs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain aſſault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the ſlain for ſhelter creep.
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their heads diſpers'd.
And now perchance (had heav'n but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been compleat; and AURENGZEBE
By one dread frown extinguiſh'd half their race.
When lo! the bright ſultanas of his court
Appear, and to his raviſh'd eyes diſplay
Thoſe charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs? At his command
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

) F King EDGAR, *and his impoſing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of* WALES: *from nce a tranſition to fox-hunting, which is deſcribed in l its parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous pack. Of e ſeveral engines to deſtroy foxes, and other wild beaſts. be ſteel-trap deſcribed, and the manner of uſing it. eſcription of the pitfall for the lion; and another for e elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tyger ith a mirror. The* ARABIAN *manner of hunting e wild boar. Deſcription of the royal ſtag-chace at* WINDSOR FOREST. *Concludes with an addreſs to s majeſty, and an eulogy upon mercy.*

BOOK THE THIRD.

IN ALBION's iſle when glorious EDGAR reign'd,
He, wiſely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her foreſts, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of BRITISH monarchs. Each invader bold,
DANE and NORWEGIAN, at a diſtance gaz'd,
And diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled.
Rich commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy oars
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land
His royal cares; wiſe, potent, gracious prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,

And from rapacious ſavages their flocks.
CAMBRIA's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops; and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilf'ring foe prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th' adjacent buſh, poor PHILOMEL,
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd

Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments,
With ſweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For theſe nocturnal thieves, huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppreſs'd, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers. Then to the copſe
Thick with entangling graſs, or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way, and that,
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As ſtraggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,

Pre

Preſs to their ſtandard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods; with haſty ſtep
Ruſtling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his bruſh he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily ſhine; yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recal the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.

Heavens! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives

From

From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet
The trilling notes, when in thoſe very groves,
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring,
And ev'ry buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of muſick in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert ſafe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean gen'rous ſteed;

Flouriſh

Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But in the madneſs of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſlung, we mount aloft:
So ſhips in winter-ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.

What lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as ſwallows ſkim

The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they preſs,
Joſtling in cloſe array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur,
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below,
Where ſour vexation reigns; ſee yon poor jade,
In vain th' impatient rider frets and ſwears;
With galling ſpurs harrows his mangled ſides;

He can no more: his ſtiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate; no coſt,
No labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying chace
Broke from the copſe, without a rival led
The num'rous train: now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humble inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along.
While theſe with looſen'd reins, and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes

Curſes his cumb'rous bulk ; and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman, from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms return the joyous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd atteſt his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack inquiſitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt:
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate

With choiceſt viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: ſlinks behind
And ſlyly creeps thro' the ſame beaten track,
And hunts them ſtep by ſtep: then views, eſcap'd
With inward extaſy, the panting throng
In their own footſteps puzzled, foil'd and loſt.
So when proud Eaſtern kings ſummon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far diſtant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:

But

But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of choſen vet'rans; they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils. At cloſe of day,
With ſilence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By th' indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins
And ſtruggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,

When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But by the wily AFRICAN betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksom cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,

Assail

Aſſail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand; the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree; upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the ſhades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirſt of blood,
Rouze up the ſlothful beaſt, he ſhakes his ſides,
Slow-riſing from his lair, and ſtretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore diſtain'd.
The foreſts tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears

The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The ſhepherd's care, and ſeeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To ſeize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyſs. Proſtrate he lies
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flaſhing fire, thy length of tail,
That laſhes thy broad ſides, thy jaws beſmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy ſtately port,
And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
Thy ſtrength is foil'd? Unequal is the ſtrife,
When ſov'reign reaſon combats brutal rage.

On diſtant Ethiopia's ſun-burnt coaſts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent uſe.

With

With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
Concealing the deep grave, that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy peach,
The cluſt'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey
Advances ſlow beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing dews the thirſty glebe,
The ſtately elephant from the cloſe ſhade
With ſtep majeſtick ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler breeze, that from the ſea-beat ſhore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid ſtream
To lave his panting ſides; joyous he ſcents
The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours

The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beaſt,
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, ſtruggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin ſurface yield,
Down ſinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, deluſive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy ſavage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, ſprings forth the ſpeckled pard,
Thirſting for blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The huntſman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd mirrour ſtops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots againſt ſpots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his briſtly whiſkers curls,

Grins

Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his op'ning paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntſman, now ſecure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed ſpear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival ſhade.
Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t' aſſail
The ſavage kind; but moſt the docile horſe,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whoſe aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unſkill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But born by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind ſecure.

HIM the fierce ARAB mounts, and, with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deſerts wild.
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden courſe; yet oft on land

Is

Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of ſand
Immerſt and loſt. While theſe intrepid bands,
Safe in their horſes ſpeed, out-fly the ſtorm,
And ſcouring round, make men and beaſts their
prey.
The griſly boar is ſingled from his herd
As large as that in ERIMANTHIAN woods,
A match for HERCULES. Round him thy fly
In circles wide; and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd death into his brawny ſides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the ſteed
Haply too near approach; or the looſe earth
His footing fail; the watchful angry beaſt
Th' advantage ſpies; and at one ſidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the ſurly monſter trots along,

ut with unequal ſpeed; for ſtill they wound,
wift-wheeling in the ſpacious ring. A wood
f darts upon his back he bears; adown
is tortur'd ſides, the crimſon torrents roll
rom many a gaping font. And now at laſt
tagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious muſe, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal ſtag
Unſung remains. Tread with reſpectful awe
WINDSOR's green glades; where DENHAM, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the liſt'ning dryads, with his ſong
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred ſhade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full fickle leaves.

THE morning ſun, that gilds with trembling rays
WINDSOR's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his courſe

A ſcene

A ſcene ſo gay: heroick, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The faireſt of this iſle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her PAPHIAN grove
For our more favour'd ſhades: in proud parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The royal happy pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external ſhow
Regardleſs, while their inbred virtues give
A luſtre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real ſplendors, far above the pomp
Of eaſtern kings, in all their tinſel pride.
Like troops of AMAZONS, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the ſword,
Or bend the bow, theſe kill with ſurer aim.
The royal offspring, faireſt of the fair,
Lead on the ſplendid train. ANNA more bright
Than ſummer ſuns, or as the light'ning keen,

With

With irreſiſtible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart. He muſt be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
AMELIA, milder than the bluſhing dawn,
With ſweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Inſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illuſtrious maids
Ever triumphant! whoſe victorious charms,
Without the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and ſue for grace. But who is he
Freſh as a roſe-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies; on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, ſee,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it ADONIS for the chace array'd?
Or BRITAIN's ſecond hope? Hail blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,

Till

Till in conſummate worth, you ſhine the pride
Of theſe our days, and to ſucceeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great ſultan wait, with eyes dejected
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no ſound is heard
Within the wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While paſs the glitt'ring court, and royal pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
Whoſe honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But ſoon the winding horn, and huntſman's voice,
Let looſe the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal ſtag forſakes
His wonted lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
And toſſes high his beamy head, the copſe
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts

He

He tries! not more the wily hare; in theſe
Wou'd ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful conſort thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's chearing ſhouts
Float thro' the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,
And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each ſex
In the wild tranſport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thy ſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval, and eaſe from pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring bog
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T'employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the gen'rous ſteed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent heav'en, no riſing ſtorm
May darken, with black wings, this glorious ſcene!
Shou'd ſome malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the TYRIAN queen.
For BRITAIN's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown ſtag, thro' woods, bogs, roads, and ſtreams
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horror views
The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch, whose hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd, ſtill ſeem to hear
The dying ſhrieks; and the pale threat'ning ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his ſlot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, cov'ring all the plain;
Bnt wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,
Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd.

Proud

Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chace him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,

Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern MEDUSA gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With freſh-recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful din; he ſhivers ev'ry limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load: he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurprize him; ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe

The

The knowing foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts, and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
And horns ſhrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on ev'ry ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
Theſe grov'ling lie, thoſe by his antlers gor'd

Defile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O! ſhun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. A[illegible] aloof
They wing around, he finds [illegible] uprais'd,
To dare ſome great exploi[illegible]arges home
Upon the broken pack, that [illegible]th ſide
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with eager violence:
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-ſtream he wafts
Along, till (like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His noſe alone above the wave draws in

The

'he vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
'onceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying eye
)f man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
)raw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
'he liquid wave with oary feet, that move
1 equal time. The gliding waters leave
lo trace be[illegible]d his contracted pores
ut ſparingly [illegible]: the huntſman ſtrains
is lab'ring lu[illegible] puffs his cheeks in vain:
t length a blo[illegible]ound bold, ſtudious to kill,
nd exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
eadlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
oud op'ning ſpends amain, and his wide throat
vells ev'ry note with joy; then fearleſs dives
eneath the wave, hangs on his hanch, and wounds
h' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
)rely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
he ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
gain he ſtands at bay, amid the groves

Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds or wounds returns.
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from AFRIC's golden coaſts,
Or INDIA's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft; while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the ſtag: ſo he reſolves

To

To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans diſtreſs'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee, what may thy ſubjects hope;
So kind, and ſo beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heav'nly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt prerogative of pow'r!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,

On

On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath; ſoon as thy ſmile
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

OF the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be rear'd. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep. Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs; two ſorts of it deſcribed, the dumb, and outrageous madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The vanity of truſting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

BOOK

BOOK THE FOURTH.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.

Shou'd

hou'd he not kill, as erſt the SAMIAN ſage
aught unadvis'd, and INDIAN brachmans now
s vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous brutes
light fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
ıcumb'ring all the globe: ſhou'd not his care
nprove his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
lan might once more on roots, and acorns feed,
nd thro' the deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
uite deſtitute of ev'ry ſolace dear,
nd ev'ry ſmiling gaiety of life.

THE prudent huntſman therefore will ſupply
ith annual large recruits, his broken pack,
nd propagate their kind. As from the root
eſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth, and daily yield
ew blooming honours to the parent-tree.
ar ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed,
nd princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
is hand preſents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy courſe, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the WESTERN gale;
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſ-
ſolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſep'rate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on SCAMANDER's ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought,
For the bright SPARTAN dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds ſhall lie,

Stretch'd

Book 3. page 94.

ker del. et Sculp.

AGU
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tretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
. field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
ı civil broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
ſer bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
taining their impious hands in mutual death.
ınd ſtill the beſt belov'd, and braveſt fall:
uch are the dire effects of lawleſs love.

HUNTSMAN! theſe ills by timely prudent care
revent: for ev'ry longing dame ſelect
ome happy paramour; to him alone
ı leagues connubial join. Conſider well
lis lineage; what his fathers did of old,
hiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
)r plung into the deep, or tread the brake
Vith thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briars inwoven.
)bſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize.
Vor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard

His

His inward habits: the vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh offspring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there ev'ry muſe he tries:
If haply then he croſs the ſtreaming ſcent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrivall'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and lab'ring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantick, vagrant race?

HEN now the third revolving moon appears,
ı ſharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink;
ıout LUCINA's aid, expect thy hopes
ımply crown'd; ſhort pangs produce to light
ſmoking litter, crawling, helpleſs, blind,
ıre their guide, they ſeek the pouting teat
t plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender dam
form'd them with her tongue, with pleaſure
view
marks of their renown'd progenitors,
pledge of triumphs yet to come. All theſe
ſt with joy; but to the merc'leſs flood
oſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
villing to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
to the foſter-parent give the care
thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
alien offspring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
tenderneſs, and hoſpitable love.

If frolick now, and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick chace,
Coursing around; unto the choicest friends
Commit thy valu'd prize: the rustick dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal; the laborious chace
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtanch, and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And ſubtle doublings of the various chace.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train,
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on, in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The rating whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure; give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view

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The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſt'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then with his load fatigu'd, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch; till breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides

Laſh

Laſh after laſh, and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air,
Aſſail the dang'rous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artiſts bend
The taper, pliant twig: or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.

Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preſerve
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untye
The Gordian knot, when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd

Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech,
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd,

Or leſſer ills the muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care!
What prudence can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrifick peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that APULIAN ſpider's pois'nous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.

When SIRIUS reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: with ſpeed remove

The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.

But this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death.
Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black deſpair, upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head, his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
Yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Glden with fury, like ſome angry boar
Burning he foams; and on his back erect
Impointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
Adrops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air, with rough hoarſe voice
Peſſant bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
His way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade: jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'rds the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantick to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round.
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Angeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance thro' the weak fence eſcap'd,
And up the wind he roves, with open mouth

Inhales

Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man, nor beaſt
He ſpares implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſt'ning hears with joy
The chearing cry, that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haſte
Baleful he bends his courſe: the village flies
Alarm'd;

Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs by native inſtinct taught
Shun the contagious bane; the ruſtick bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild diſorder, and uncouth array:
Till now with wounds on wounds oppreſs'd and gor'd,
At one ſhort pois'nous gaſp he breathes his laſt.

HENCE to the kennel, Muſe, return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe;
Where Horror ſtalks at large; inſatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour preſents
A diff'rent ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere

Thy

Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er theſe the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while ſenſeleſs ſquabble reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate! Ah! rouze up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful ſtep. Thy fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the veſtal flames; the pointed ſteel
In the hot embers hide; and if ſurpriz'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent ſore, and cauterize
The wound; ſpare not thy fleſh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan ſhall ſave when Æsculapius fails.

Herb,

ERE ſhou'd the knowing Muſe recount the means
top this growing plague. And here, alas!
i hand preſents a ſov'reign cure, and boaſts
libility, but boaſts in vain.
his depend, each to his ſep'rate ſeat
ine, in fetters bound; give each his meſs
t, his range in open air; and then
adly ſymptoms to thy grief appear,
te the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
n'rous victim for the publick weal.

NG, philoſophick Muſe, the dire effects
iis contagious bite on hapleſs man.
ruſtick ſwains, by long tradition taught
aches old, as ſoon as they perceive
bite impreſs'd, to the ſea-coaſts repair.
g'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
journeys home ſecure; but ſoon ſhall wiſh

The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heav'n; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid: whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pain
Pinch

Pinch ſore the ſleepleſs wretch; his flutt'ring pulſe
Oft intermits; penſive, and ſad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to haſty anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight offence, walks with quick ſtep,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs ſway
The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog
(Whoſe fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls and barks, and bates.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Preſent like ſpecies to his troubled mind;
His nature, and his actions all canine.
So (as old HOMER ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wand'ring ITHACUS, by CIRCE's charms
To ſwine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink. Till now at laſt his ſoul

Trembling

Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.
No more o'er craggy ſteep, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind; where they at will
On the green watry reed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? Where, alas!

ocence ſecure? Rapine and ſpoil
ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks,
and ponds inclos'd the rav'nous pike;
his turn becomes a prey; on him
nphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
r'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears
briſtle on his back, defend the perch
his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
ellow carp, nor all his arts can ſave
ſinuating eel, that hides his head
h the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
imſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride
eauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe,
nidnight pillager, ranging around,
te ſwallows all. The owner mourns
peopled rivulet, and gladly hears
ntſman's early call, and ſees with joy
vial crew, that march upon its banks
parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This ſubtle ſpoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool; within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream, and all
The finny ſhoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Diſpute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each reſounding ſhore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each chearing voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his ſeal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding ſag-bed, ſee once more
His ſeal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy marſh

The

The ſly gooſe-footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream; and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant; ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-chearing ſounds
Urge thro' the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Nor quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows! when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily

They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no holt eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry mouth
In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!

The

pack lunge headlong, and protended ſpears
ace deſtruction: while the troubled ſurge
gnant foams, and all the ſcaly kind,
ghted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
hat bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink
ther loſt: but ſoon ſhall he repent
aſh aſſault. See there eſcap'd, he flies
drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry bank
ouze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
ther by Nature form'd, or by long uſe,
artful diver beſt can bear the want
ital air. Unequal is the fight,
ith the whelming element. Yet there
ves not long; but reſpiration needs
oper intervals. Again he vents;
the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
eck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,

Where'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate: his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye ſcaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain, ſome of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O HAPPY ! if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields ; whom Nature boon
Chears with her ſmiles, and ev'ry element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals; nor RAPHAEL's works,
Nor TITIAN's lively tints, adorn our walls ?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wond'ring eyes; what can the owner more ?
But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landſkip, and the gilded dome,
And viſtas op'ning to the wearied eye,
Thro' all his wide domain ; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !

The circle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauſeous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promiſes, that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh, as his beams decline.

Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked int'reſt bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſom leads,
And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O HAP-

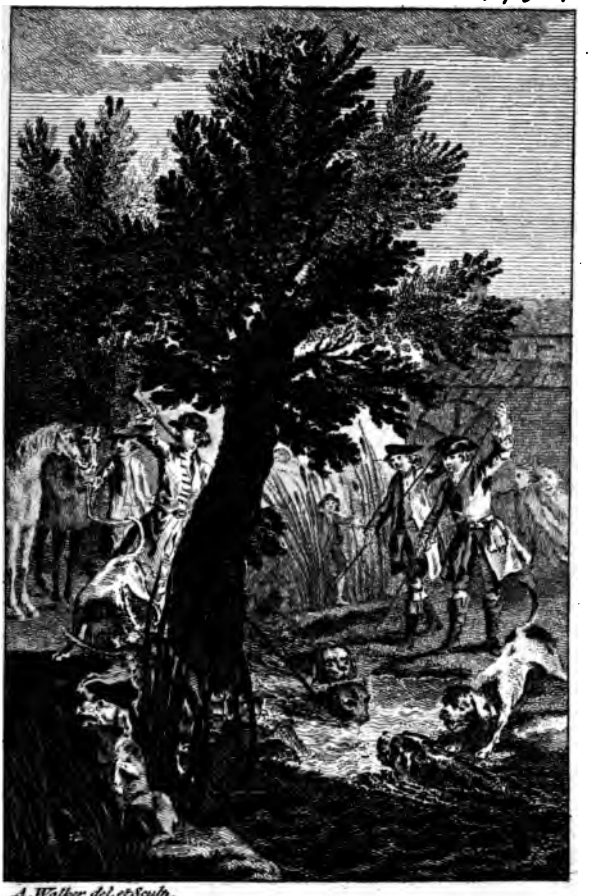
O HAPPINESS ſincere! what wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous ſcene. But if my ſoul
To this groſs clay confin'd flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing; unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where NEWTON leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes, the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded Majeſty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great ſyſtem move,

And

And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf. Yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want
That dares not aſk. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

THE END.



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HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

A

BURLESQUE POEM.

IN BLANK VERSE.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quàm sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.
VIRG. GEORG. Lib. III.

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1773

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1908

DEDICATION

TO

Mr. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make
choice of you for my Pa-
ron, being the greateſt maſ-
r in the burleſque way. In this
deed you have ſome advantage
your poetical brethren, that
u paint to the eye; yet re-
ember, Sir, that we give ſpeech
d motion, and a greater variety
our figures. Your province is
e Town; leave me a ſmall out-
le in the Country, and I ſhall
be

be content. In this, at leaſt, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of ſome ſervice to mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

Moſt humble ſervant,

W. S.

THE PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourſelves into diſgrace. We climb the AONIAN mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languiſhed; till, graſping ſtill at more, we loſe our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

THE Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de ſe*, nor would he be murdered by perſons unknown. But as he is ſatisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle diſperſed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he ſhall ſoon be expoſed to view in ſuch an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it moſt prudent in this deſperate caſe to throw himſelf on the mercy of the publick; and offer this whimſical

ſical work a voluntary ſacrifice, in hope he ſtands a better chance for their in gence, now it has received his laſt h than when curtailed and mangled by oth

THE Poets of almoſt all nations have brated the games of their ſeveral count HOMER began, and all the mimic tribe lowed the example of that great fathe poetry. Even our own MILTON, who his ſcene beyond the limits of this ſublu world, has found room for deſcriptions this ſort, and has performed it in a more lime manner, than any who went be him. His, indeed, are ſports; but they the ſports of angels. This gentleman has deavoured to do juſtice to his countryn the BRITISH freeholders, who, when dreſſe their holiday clothes, are by no means perſ of a deſpicable figure; but eat and drink plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the grea hero in the ILIAD. There is alſo ſome in deſcriptions of this nature, ſince noth gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a tion, than their ſports and diverſions. If ſee people dancing, even in wooden ſho and a fiddle always at their heels, we are ſo

cc

convinced of the levity and volatile ſpirit of thoſe merry ſlaves. The famous bull feaſts are an evident token of the Quixotiſm and romantic taſte of the SPANIARDS. And a country-wake is too ſad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we ſee nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenneſs, and eternal ſquabble.

THUS much of the ſubject; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the ſtyle. One of the greateſt poets and moſt candid critics of this ages has informed us that there are two ſorts of burleſque. Be pleaſed to take it in his own words, SPECTATOR, Numb. 242. "Burleſque (ſays he) is of two kinds. The "firſt repreſents mean perſons in the accou-"trements of heroes; the other, great per-"ſons acting and ſpeaking like the baſeſt "among the people. Don QUIXOTE is an in-"ſtance of the firſt, and LUCIAN's Gods of "the ſecond. It is a diſpute among the cri-"tics, whether burleſque runs beſt in he-"roic, like the DISPENSARY; or in dog-"grel, like that of HUDIBRAS. I think "where the low character is to be raiſed,

" the heroic is the moſt proper meaſure;
" but when an hero is to be pulled down
" and degraded, it is beſt done in doggrel."
Thus far Mr. ADDISON. If therefore the heroic is the proper meaſure, where the low character is to be raiſed, MILTON's ſtyle muſt be very proper in the ſubject here treated of; becauſe it raiſes the low character more than is poſſible to be done under the reſtraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly conſiſts in raiſing that low character. I beg leave to add the authority of Mr. SMITH, in his poem upon the death of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. The whole paſſage is ſo very fine, and gives ſo clear an idea of his manner of writing that the reader will not think his labour loſt in running it over:

OH various bard! you all our pow'rs controul,
You now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul.
MILTON and BUTLER in thy Muſe combine;
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine.
For as I've ſeen two rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
That on quick turns, and points in vain relies:
This with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
With dry rebukes and ſneering praiſe replies:
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach BUTLER's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle.

He

He ſpeaks SCARRON's low phraſe in humble ſtrains;
In thee the ſolemn air of great CERVANTES reigns.
What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
What ſhining words the pompous SHILLING dreſs!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles, that o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the comic Muſe appears,
When ſhe with borrow'd pride the buſkin wears.
So when nurſe NOKES to act young AMMON tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes,
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe.
The pomp, and ſound, the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And AMMON's ſon more mirth than GOMEZ made.

BUT here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in HORACE:

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

MONSIEUR BOILEAU, in his diſſertation upon the JOCONDE of DE LA FONTAINE, quotes this paſſage in HORACE, and obſerves, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une choſe grande en ſtile bas, auſſi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une hiſtoire comique et abſurde en termes graves et ſerieux.* But then he juſtly adds this exception

ception to the general rule in HORACE; *à moins que ce ſerieux ne ſoit affecté tout exprés pour rendre la choſe encore plus burleſque.* If the obſervation of that celebrated critic, Monſieur DACIER, is true, HORACE himſelf, in the ſame Epiſtle to the PISO's, and not far diſtant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burleſque by the help of the ſublime, in his note upon this verſe:

Debemur morti nos noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus ——

And upon the five following verſes has this general remark: *Toutes ces expreſſions nobles qu'* HORACE *entaſſe dans ces ſix vers ſervent à rendre plus plaiſante cette chute:*

Ne dum verborum ſtet honos. ——

Car rien ne contribue tant au ridicule *que le* grand. He indeed would be ſevere upon himſelf alone, who ſhould cenſure this way of writing, when he muſt plainly ſee, that it is affected on purpoſe, only to raiſe the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable enter-

entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale ſo much, at its being delivered with a grave and ſerious air. Our imaginations are agreeably ſurpriſed, and fond of a pleaſure ſo little expected. Whereas he, who would beſpeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous geſtures, muſt play his part very well indeed, or he will fall ſhort of the idea he has raiſed. It is true, VIRGIL was very ſenſible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean ſubject:

Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam ſit, et anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.

But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſiquem
Numina læva ſinunt, auditque vocatus APOLLO.

Mr. ADDISON is of the ſame opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increaſed by writing in blank verſe. "The "ENGLISH and FRENCH, (ſays he) who al- "ways uſe the ſame words in verſe as in "ordinary converſation, are forced to raiſe

" their language with metaphors and figures, " or by the pompouſneſs of the whole " phraſe to wear off any littleneſs; that ap- " pears in the particular parts that compoſe " it. This makes our blank verſe, where " there is no rhyme to ſupport the expreſ- " ſion, extremely difficult to ſuch as are " not maſters of the tongue; eſpecially " when they write upon *low ſubjects*." REMARKS UPON ITALY, p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind: the writer in this kind of burleſque muſt not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the ſtyle, but an artful ſneer ſhould appear through the whole work; and every man will judge, that it is no eaſy matter to blend together the HERO and HARLEQUIN.

IF any perſon ſhould want a key to this poem, his curioſity ſhall be gratified: I ſhall, in plain words, tell him, " It is a ſa- " tire againſt the luxury, the pride, the " wantonneſs, and quarrelſome temper of " the middling ſort of people." As theſe are the proper and genuine cauſe of that bare-faced knavery, and almoſt univerſal po-

rty, which reign without controul in every ıce; and as to theſe we owe our many nkrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and ıds uncultivated; the author has rea- ı to hope that no honeſt man, who loves ; country, will think this ſhort reproof out ſeaſon: for, perhaps, this merry way of ntering men into virtue, may have a bet- effect than the moſt ſerious admoni- ıns; ſince many, who are proud to be ought immoral, are not very fond of be- ridiculous.

ARGUMENT of the First CANTO.

PROPOSITION. Invocation addreſſed to Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS *author of the* CYDER POEM *and* SPLENDID SHILLING. *Deſcription of the Vale of* EVESHAM. *The ſeat of* HOBBINOL; HOBBINOL *a great man in his village, ſeated in his wicker ſmoking his pipe, has one only ſon. Young* HOBBINOL'*s education, bred up with* GANDERETTA *his near relation. Young* HOBBINOL *and* GANDERETTA *choſen king and queen of* MAY. *Her dreſs and attendants. The* MAY-GAMES. TWANGDILLO *the fidler, his character. The dancing.* GANDERETTA'*s extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good muſic in the* HIGHLANDS. MILONIDES *maſter of the ring, diſciplines the mob; proclaims the ſeveral prizes. His ſpeech.* PASTOREL *takes up his belt. His character, his heroic figure, his confidence.* HOBBINOL, *by permiſſion of* GANDERETTA, *accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, eſcapes a ſcowering.* GANDERETTA'*s agony.* PASTOREL *foiled.* GANDERETTA *not a little pleaſed.*

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

CANTO I.

WHAT old MENALCAS at his feaſt reveal'd
I ſing, ſtrange feats of antient proweſs, deeds
Of high renown, while all his liſt'ning gueſts
With eager joy receiv'd the pleaſing tale.

O THOU *! who late on VAGA's flowery banks
Slumb'ring ſecure, with STIROM † well bedew'd,
Fallacious caſk, in ſacred dreams wert taught
By antient ſeers, and MERLIN prophet old,
To raiſe ignoble themes with ſtrains ſublime,
Be thou my guide! while I thy track purſue

* Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, author of the CYDER-POEM.
† Strong HEREFORDSHIRE CYDER.

With

With wing unequal, thro' the wide expanſe
Advent'rous range, and emulate thy flights.

In that rich vale *, where with DOBUNIAN † fields
CORNAVIAN ‡ borders meet, far fam'd of old
For MONTFORT's || hapleſs fate, undaunted earl;
Where from her fruitful urn AVONA pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirſty glebe,
And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains;
On whoſe luxuriant banks flow'rs of all hues
Start up ſpontaneous; and the teeming ſoil
With haſty ſhoots prevents its owner's pray'r:
The pamper'd wanton ſteer, of the ſharp ax
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His lab'ring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,

* Vale of EVESHAM. † GLOCESTERSHIRE.
‡ WORCESTERSHIRE. || SIMON DE MONTFORT, killed at the battle of EVESHAM.

And

And deems him bleſt, while on his languid neck
In ſolemn ſloth he tugs the ling'ring plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's ſtate
Mis-judging, ſelf-deceiv'd. Here as ſupreme
Stern HOBBINOL in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.
Th' obſequious villagers, with looks ſubmiſs
Obſervant of his eye, or when with ſeed
T' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clam'rous joy the bearded harveſt home.

HERE, when the diſtant ſun lengthens the nights,
When the keen froſts the ſhiv'ring farmer warn
To broach his mellow caſk, and frequent blaſts
Inſtruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker-chair, whoſe pliant twigs
In cloſe embraces join'd, with ſpacious arch
Vault this thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in ſtate, each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the ſofteſt down.

In

In mind compos'd, from ſhort coeval tube
He ſucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of ſmoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he ſits, and impotent of thought
Puffs away care, and ſorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great,
And view with envious eye the downy neſt,
Where ſoft Repoſe, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unreſtrain'd by pow'r.

ONE ſon alone had bleſt his bridal bed,
Whom good CALISTA bore, nor long ſurviv'd
To ſhare a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the ſame time his dying brother ſent,
To claim his kind ſupport. The helpleſs pair
In the ſame cradle ſlept, nurs'd up with care
By the ſame tender hand, on the ſame breaſts
Alternate hung with joy; till reaſon dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by ſlow degrees:

Then

'hen on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
ladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
nd pleaſures erſt unfelt. Whene'er with cares
)ppreſs'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
heir harmleſs prattle ſooth'd his troubled ſoul.
ay, HOBBINOL, what extaſies of joy
'rill'd thro' thy veins, when climbing for a kiſs
Vith little palms they ſtrok'd thy grizly beard,
)r round thy wicker whirl'd their ratt'ling cars?
'hus from their earlieſt days bred up, and train'd,
'o mutual fondneſs, with their ſtature grew
'he thriving paſſion. What love can decay
'hat roots ſo deep! Now rip'ning manhood curl'd
)n the gay ſtripling's chin: her panting breaſts,
\nd trembling bluſhes glowing on her cheeks
ler ſecret wiſh betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful ſhade,
Young HOBBINOL, ne'er wander'd from her ſide.
A frown from him daſh'd ev'ry rival's hopes.
For he, like PELEUS ſon, was prone to rage,
Inexorable

Inexorable, ſwift like him of foot
With eaſe cou'd overtake his daſtard foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry days, when all the nymphs and ſwains,
In ſolemn feſtivals and rural ſports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming ſpring.
Young HOBBINOL by joint conſent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright GANDERETTA tripp'd the jovial queen
Of MAIA's gaudy month profuſe of flow'rs.
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs
Loaded with od'rous ſpoils, from theſe ſelect
Each flow'r of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd ſweets; each buſy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her looſe hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted COWSLIPS breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as cryſtal clear,
As PARIAN marble ſmooth, NARCISSUS hangs

His

His drooping head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flow'r! PANSIES of various hue,
IRIS, and HYACINTH, and ASPHODEL,
To deck the nymph, their richeſt liv'ries wear,
And laviſh all their pride. Nor FLORA's ſelf
More lovely ſmiles, when to the dawning year
Her op'ning boſom heav'nly fragrance breathes.

SEE on yon verdant lawn, the gath'ring crowd
Thicken amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Uſher'd by jolly clowns: diſtinctions ceaſe
Loſt in the common joys, and the bold ſlave
Leans on his wealthy maſter, unreprov'd:
The ſick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the ſmiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by decrepit age
Prop'd on his ſtaff with anxious thought revolves
His pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave remarks
Among the heedleſs throng. The vig'rous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to ſubdue

The

The fair one's long diſdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Reſolv'd, and obſtinately firm he ſtands;
Danger, nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-ſpreading elm TWANGDILLO ſits:
One leg on ISTER's banks the hardy ſwain
Left undiſmay'd, BELLONA's light'ning ſcorch'd
His manly viſage, but in pity left
One eye ſecure. He many a painful bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown KATE's ſake, and for his country's weal;
Yet ſtill the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his ſounding ſhell,
And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut ſqueals,

He

He tickles ev'ry ſtring, to ev'ry note.
He bends his pliant neck, his ſingle eye
Twinkles with joy, his active ſtump beats time,
Let but this ſubtle artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring ſwain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in ev'ry vein, from ev'ry eye
Darts his contagious flames. They friſk, they bound
Now to the briſk airs, and to the ſpeaking ſtrings:
Attentive, in mid-way the ſexes meet;
Joyous their adverſe fronts they cloſe, and preſs
To ſtrict embrace, as reſolute to force
And ſtorm a paſſage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
Recoil diſparted: each with longing eyes
Purſues his mate retiring, till again
The blended ſexes mix; then hand in hand
Faſt lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel

In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, inceſſant ſhake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their hee
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling ſweets refreſh
The gazing croud, and heav'nly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When ORPHEUS play'd a leſſon to the brutes,
The liſt'ning ſavages; the ſpeckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muſe
With equal lays ſhall GANDERETTA ſing,
When goddeſs-like ſhe ſkims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry raviſh'd eye
The nymph attracts, and ev'ry heart ſhe wounds,
Thee moſt, tranſported HOBBINOL! Lo, now,
Now to thy op'ning arms ſhe ſkuds along,
With yielding bluſhes glowing on her cheeks;
And eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain embrace,

But

A. Walker del. et Sculp.

But flies to be purſu'd; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a glance ſo tender, as ſhe turns,
That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive,
Thy ſtature's rais'd, and thou art more than man,
Thy ſtately port, and more majeſtic air,
And ev'ry ſprightly motion ſpeaks thy love.

To the loud bag-pipe's ſolemn voice attend,
Whoſe riſing winds proclaim a ſtorm is nigh.
Harmonious blaſts! that warm the frozen blood
Of CALEDONIA's ſons to love, or war,
And chear their drooping hearts, robb'd of the ſun's
Enliv'ning ray, that o'er the ſnowy ALPS
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better climes.

FORTHWITH in hoary majeſty appears
One of gigantic ſize, but viſage wan,
MILONIDES the ſtrong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf

He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in rising aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks
Submissive rev'rence. He with count'nace grim
Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes
Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like some huge rock he stands,
'That breaks th' incumbent waves; they throng-
ing press
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from superior force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice STENTORIAN, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whose active foot
"Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
"This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
"Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fring'd with
"gold.

"To

" To him, who beſt the ſtubborn hilts can wield,
" And bloody marks of his diſpleaſure leave
" On his opponent's head, this beaver white
" With ſilver edging grac'd, and ſcarlet plume.
" Ye taper maidens! whoſe impetuous ſpeed
" Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender graſs,
" See here this prize, this rich lac'd ſmock behold,
" White as your boſoms, as your kiſſes ſoft.
" Bleſt nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's pe-
" culiar grace
" Allots this pompous veſt, and worthy deems
" To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."

THE gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In ſpeechleſs admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
Ev'n he who now each glorious palm diſplays,
In ſullen ſilence views his batter'd limbs,
And ſighs his vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young PASTOREL, for active ſtrength renown'd:
Him IDA bore, a mountain ſhepherdeſs;

On the bleak wold the new-born infant lay,
Expos'd to winter snows, and northern blasts
Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud descent, so might he boast
His line paternal: but be thou, my Muse!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy 'squire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him ev'ry shouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him ev'ry champion fear'd,
From * KIFTSGATE to remotest * HENBURY.
High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,
A stately tow'ring object; the tough belt
Measures his ample breast, and shades around
His shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens
The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But HOBBINOL enrag'd
To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,

* Two hundreds in GLOCESTERSHIRE.

And

And unconteſted honours tamely loſt,
With lowly reverence thus accoſts his queen.

"FAIR goddeſs! be propitious to my vows;
"Smile on thy ſlave, nor HERCULES himſelf
"Shall rob us of this palm: that boaſter vain
"Far other port ſhall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmoſt ſoul, ſmiling applauds
His gen'rous ardour, with aſpiring hope
Diſtends his breaſt, and ſtirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! ſhe fears, for much ſhe loves.
So from her arms the PAPHIAN queen diſmiſs'd
The warrior god, on glorious ſlaughter bent,
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Diſpel the fleeting miſts, at once he ſtrips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But as beſeem'd one, whoſe plain honeſt heart,

Nor paſſion foul, nor malice dark as Hell,
But honour pure, and love divine had fir'd.
His hand preſenting, on his ſturdy foe
Diſdainfully he ſmiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left-hand the belt, and with his right
His ſhoulder ſeiz'd faſt griping; his right-foot
Eſſay'd the champion's ſtrength, but firm he ſtood,
Fix'd as a mountain-aſh, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fiſt
Faſt on his back he clos'd, and ſhook in air
The cumb'rous load. Nor reſt, nor pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful eyes inſtruct their buſy feet;
They pant, they heave, each nerve, each ſinew's ſtrain'd,
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours riſe, in briny ſtreams
The ſweat diſtils, and from their batter'd ſhins
The clotted gore diſtains the beaten ground.
Each ſwain his wiſh, each trembling nymph conceals

Her

Her ſecret dread; while ev'ry panting breaſt
Alternate fears, and hopes, depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in dubious ſcale the conteſt hung,
Till PASTOREL impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious ſtroke
At his left ancle aim'd; 'twas death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O GANGERETTA!
What horrors ſeize thy ſoul! on thy pale cheeks
The roſes fade. But wav'ring long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n,
On his right knee he ſlip'd, and nimbly ſcap'd
The foul diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd rope,
The wingy-footed artiſt, frail ſupport!
Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful ſhrieks the croud
Lament his ſudden fate, and yield him loſt:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump
Sliding ſecure, derides their vain diſtreſs.
Up ſtarts the vigorous HOBBINOL undiſmay'd,
From mother Earth like old ANTÆUS rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applauſe

Shake

Shake all the neighb'ring hills, AVONA's banks
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tyger ruſhing from his lair,
He graſp'd the wriſt of his inſulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his ſhoulder point
Beneath his breaſt he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the ſprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd preſs forward with tumultuous din;
Thoſe to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations theſe. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, ſhrill fiddles ſqueak,
Hoarſe bag-pipes roar, and GANDERETTA ſmiles.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

THE fray. TONSORIO, COLIN, HILDEBRAND, CUDDY, CINDARAXA, TALGOL, AVARO, CUBBIN, COLLAKIN, MUNDUNGO. *Sir* RHADAMANTH *the juſtice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray.* RHADAMANTH's *ſpeech. Tumult appeas'd.* GORGONIUS *the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The* KIFTSGATIANS *conſternation, look wiſtfully on* HOBBINOL; *his ſpeech. The cudgel-playing.* GORGONIUS *knock'd down, falls upon* TWANGDILLO; *his diſtreſs; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.*

CANTO II.

LONG while an univerſal hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;
Till biting taunts, and harſh opprobrious words
Vile utt'rance found. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling tide,
And without inſolence enjoy ſucceſs!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no reſtraint, but give
A looſe to joy. Their champion HOBBINOL
Vaunting they raiſe, above that earth-born race
Of giants old, who piling hills on hills,
PELION on OSSA, with rebellious aim
Made war on JOVE. The ſturdy mountaineers,
Who

Who ſaw their mightieſt fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours paſt impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with ſcorn look'd down
Upon the ſubject vale, ſullied, deſpoil'd,
And levell'd with the duſt, no longer bear
The keen reproach. But as when ſudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whoſe bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In ſooty triumph rides dreadful, upborn
On wings of wind, that with deſtructive breath
Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious ruin ſpreads:
So thro' the croud from breaſt to breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder burſting from a cloud, gave ſigns
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury ſoon ſupplied
With arms uncouth; tough well-ſeaſon'd plants
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either hoſt
Fall thick, and heavy; ſtools in pieces rent,

And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls are hurl'd
With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hiſſing in air, their ſharp-edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm ſpouting gore; heaps driv'n on heaps
Promiſcuous lie. TONSORIO now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle; his broad front
Beneath his ſhining helm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, MAMBRINO, ſtout IBERIAN knight!
Defied the rattling ſtorm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right-hand he bore, HERCULEAN club!
Crowds, puſh'd on crowds, before his potent arm
Fled ignominious; havock, and diſmay,
Hung on their rear. COLLIN a merry ſwain,
Blith as the ſoaring lark, as ſweet the ſtrains
Of his ſoft-warbling lips, that whiſtling chear
His lab'ring team, they toſs their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with ſtern diſdain
Beheld this victor proud; his gen'rous ſoul

Brook'd

Brook'd not the foul diſgrace. High o'er his head
His pond'rous plough-ſtaff in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching ev'ry nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding ſunk
Beneath the blow, and with its ſharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his ſhoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought the vig'rous youth
Short'ning his ſtaff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. TONSORIO fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half-choak'd, he fled; with him the hoſt retir'd,
Companions of his ſhame; all but the ſtout,
And erſt unconquer'd HILDEBRAND, brave man!
Bold champion of the hill! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy poſt
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now ſad
Neceſſity compels; decrepit now
With age, and ſtiff with honourable wounds,

He

He ſtands unterrify'd: one crutch ſuſtains
His frame majeſtic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar
In toils inclos'd, he dares his circling foes.
They ſhrink aloof, or ſoon with ſhame repent
The raſh aſſault, the ruſtic heroes fall
In heaps around. CUDDY, a dextrous youth,
When force was vain, on fraudful art rely'd:
Cloſe to the ground low-cow'ring, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut ſheer the frail ſupport, prop of his age:
Reeling a while he ſtood, and menac'd fierce
Th' inſidious ſwain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone and plough'd the duſt. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had ſtood
The ſhock of warring winds, and the red bolts
Of angry JOVE, ſhorn of his leafy ſhade
At laſt, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman ſpy the friendly ſpur,

His

His only hold; that ſever'd, ſoon he nods,
And ſhakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.

WHEN manly-valour fail'd, a female arm
Reſtor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black CINDARAXA's buſy hand prepar'd
The ſmoaky viands, ſhe beheld, abaſh'd,
The routed hoſt, and all her daſtard friends
Far ſcattered o'er the plain; their ſhameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for hurry'd with the ſtream
Ev'n TALGOL too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greaſy heroine ſnatch'd; o'er her pale foes
The threat'ning meteor ſhone, brandiſh'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Acroſs the proſtrate HILDEBRAND ſhe ſtrode,
Dreadfully bright: the multitude appall'd
Fled diff'rent ways, their beards, their hair in flames.

Imprudent ſhe purſu'd, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united preſs'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed ſway
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements; of old
Thus MULCIBER, and XANTHUS DARDAN ſtreams
In hideous battle join'd. Juſt ſinking now
Into the boiling deep, with ſuppliant hands
She begg'd for life; black ouſe and filth obſcene
Hung in her matted hair; the ſhouting croud
Inſult her woes, and proud of their ſucceſs,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring ſtorm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young TALGOL from their front,
With a fond lover's haſte, ſwift as the hind,
That, by the huntſman's voice alarm'd, had fled
Panting returns, and ſeeks the gloomy brake,

Where

Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient ruſh'd. But when the fatal tale
He heard, the deareſt treaſure of his ſoul
Purloin'd, his CINDY loſt; ſtiff'ned and pale
A while he ſtood; his kindling ire at length
Burſt forth implacable, and injur'd love
Shot light'ning from his eyes; a ſpit he ſeiz'd,
Juſt reeking from the fat ſurloin, a long,
Unwieldy ſpear; then with impetuous rage
Preſs'd forward on th' embattled hoſt, that ſhrunk
At his approach. The rich AVARO firſt,
His fleſhy rump bor'd with diſhoneſt wounds,
Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous flocks,
Nor all th' aſpiring pyramids that grace
His yard well ſtor'd, ſave the penurious clown.
Here CUBBIN fell, and there young COLLAKIN,
Nor his fond mother's pray'rs nor ardent vows
Of love-ſick maids could move relentleſs Fate.
Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance

He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle ſwerv'd
With many an inroad gor'd. Then caſt around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair; her in the duſt he ſpy'd
Grov'ling, diſconſolate; thoſe locks, that erſt,
So bright, ſhone like the poliſh'd jet, defil'd
With mire impure; thither with eager haſte
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Proſtrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And welt'ring in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon drop'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing ſtorm,
That on his bare defenceleſs brow fell thick
From ev'ry arm: o'erpower'd at laſt, down ſunk
His drooping head, on her cold breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verſe avail,
Nor Envy's ſpite, nor time ſhall e'er efface
The records of your fame; blind BRITISH bards
In ages yet to come, on feſtal days

Shall

Shall chant this mournful tale, while liſt'ning nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is pop'lar fury! how perverſe,
When broils inteſtine rage, and force controuls
Reaſon and law! As the torn veſſel ſinks
Between the burſt of adverſe waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random ſtrokes that undiſcerning fall;
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt, who leaſt offends.
MUNDUNGO from the bloody field retir'd,
Cloſe in a corner plied the peaceful bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
That iſſu'd from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows; but hoſtile rage
Inquiſitive found out the ruſty ſwain.

His ſhort black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate clown; flound'ring he lay
Beneath the muddy bev'rage whelm'd, ſo late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious waſp,
Voracious inſect, by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viſcous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a flood of ſweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onſet, and tumultuous battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard, but clamour, ſhout, and female cries,
And curſes mix'd with groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal ſcourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
The warring hoſts appear'd ſage RHADAMANTH,

A knight of high renown. Nor QUIXOTE bold,
Nor AMADIS of GAUL, nor HUDIBRAS,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
Great ſultan of the vale! thy front ſevere,
As humble INDIANS to their pagods bow,
The clowns ſubmiſs approach. THEMIS to thee
Commits her golden balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's ſighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives ſure redreſs, comforts the heart
Oppreſs'd with woe, and rears the ſuppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive ſword; at thy command,
Stern miniſter of power ſupreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; diſpatchful haſte
Sits earneſt on each brow, and publick care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful guards,
He ſpurr'd his ſober ſteed, grizzled with age,

And venerably dull; his ſtirrups ſtretch'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his ſaddle-bow, the other palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave orator
In ATHENS, or free ROME, when eloquence
Subdu'd mankind, and all the liſt'ning crowd
Hung by their ears on his perſuaſive tongue.
He thus the jarring multitude addreſs'd.

" NEIGHBOURS, and friends, and countrymen,
" the flow'r
" Of KIFTSGATE! ah! what means this impious
" broil?
" Is then the haughty GAUL no more your care?
" Are LANDEN's plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that blood inglorious, waſte that ſtrength,
" Which, well employ'd, once more might have
" compell'd
" The ſtripling ANJOU to a ſhameful flight?

" Or

" Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The BRITISH ſtandard on LUTETIAN tow'rs?
" O ſight odious, deteſtable! O'times
" Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
" This fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All law, all ſov'reign pow'r, and calls aloud
" For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye
" know,
" How ſlow this arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
" O countrymen! all, all, can teſtify
" My vigilance, my care for publick good.
" I am the man, who by your own free choice
" Select from all the tribes, in ſenates rul'd
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my ſtores
" Of ancient ſcience in my country's cauſe.
" Wiſe TACITUS, of penetration deep,
" Each ſecret ſpring reveal'd, THUANUS bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
" Rais'd

" Rais'd at my call, the BRITISH rights confirm'd;
" While MUSGRAVE, HOW, and SEYMOUR
" ſneer'd in vain.
" I am the man, who from the bench exalt
" This voice, ſtill grateful to your ears, this voice
" Which breathes for you alone. Where is the
" wretch
" Diſtreſs'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
" Entangled, and in ſubtile problems loſt,
" Seeks not to me for aid! In ſhoals they come
" Neglected, feeleſs clients, nor return
" Unedify'd; ſcarce greater multitudes
" At DELPHI ſought the god, to learn their fate
" From his dark oracles. I am the man,
" Whoſe watchful providence beyond the date
" Of this frail life extends, to future times
" Beneficent; my uſeful ſchemes ſhall ſteer
" The common-weal in ages yet to come.
" Your children's children, taught by me, ſhall keep
" Their

" Their rights inviolable : and as ROME
" The Sibyl's ſacred books, tho' wrote on leaves
" And ſcatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe
" Collected ; ſo your ſons ſhall glean with care
" My hallow'd fragments, ev'ry ſcrip divine
" Conſult intent, of more intrinſic worth
" Than half a VATICAN. Hear me, my friends !
" Hear me, my countrymen ! Oh ſuffer not
" This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
" To ſink with ſorrow to the grave." He ſpake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The ſov'reign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident ſhakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is huſh'd,
The multitude appeas'd ; a chearful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng ſubſides,
And the loud tempeſt ſinks, becalm'd in peace.

GORGONIUS

GORGONIUS now with haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
A gauntlet ſeiz'd, firm on his guard he ſtood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beaſt
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fiſt deſcending cruſh'd his ſkull,
And left him ſpurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltleſs axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he loſt,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing ſtroke
Bruis'd ſore the riſing arch, and bent his noſe:
Nathleſs he triumph'd on the well-fought ſtage,
HOCKLEIAN hero! Nor was more deform'd
The CYCLOPS blind, nor of more monſtrous ſize,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, ſevere revenge
Of ſubtile ITHACUS. Terribly gay

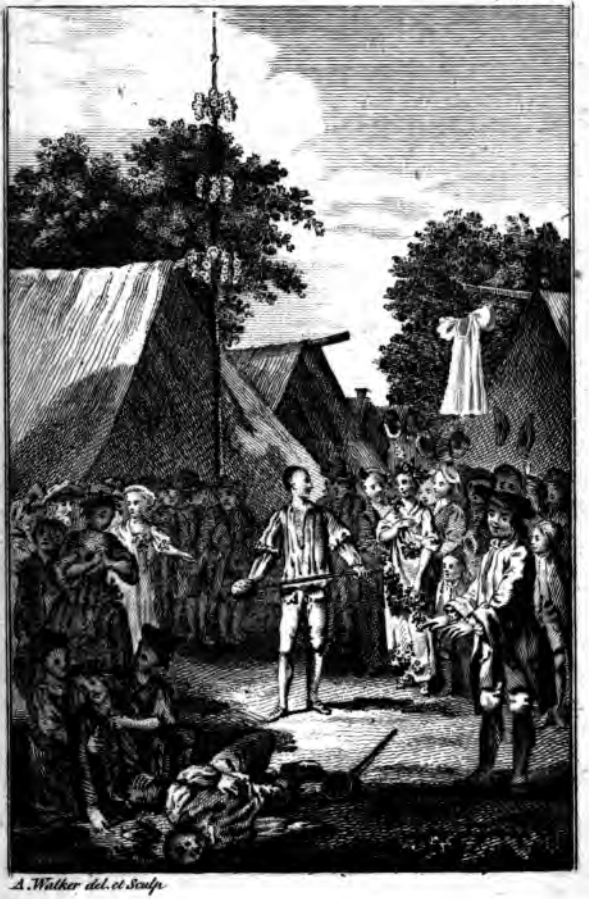
In

In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of ſlaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion ſhone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erſt ſo bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in penſive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and diſmay'd. On HOBBINOL at laſt
Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,
Each eye ſollicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the ſilent ſuit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their ſecret wiſh, and eas'd their doubting minds.

"YE men of KIFTSGATE! whoſe wide ſpread-
"ing fame
"In antient days were ſung from ſhore to ſhore,
"To BRITISH bards of old a copious theme;
"Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
"Your

" Your daſtard ſouls. O mean, degen'rate race!
" But ſince on me ye call, each ſuppliant eye
" Invites my ſov'reign aid, lo! here I come,
" The bulwark of your fame, tho' ſcarce my brows
" Are dry from glorious toils, juſt now atchiev'd,
" To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I ſwear,
" By all my great forefathers fair renown,
" By that illuſtrious wicker, where they ſat
" In comely pride, and in triumphant ſloth
" Gave law to paſſive clowns; or on this ſpot
" In glory's prime, young HOBBINOL expires,
" And from his deareſt GANDERETTA's arms
" Sink's to Death's cold embrace; or by this hand
" That ſtranger, big with inſolence, ſhall fall
" Prone on the ground, and do your honour
" right."

FORTHWITH the hilts he ſeiz'd; but on his arm
Fond GANDERETTA hung, and round his neck
Curl'd



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

Each op'ning ſcans, and each unguarded ſpace
Meaſures intent. While negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whoſe heart elate
Diſdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one deciſive ſtroke to win, unhurt,
An eaſy victory; down came at once
The pond'rous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious HOBBINOL, with ready feet,
Now ſhifts his ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold and his unguarded ſhins
Batters ſecure; each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
The ſtrokes redoubled peal his hollow ſides:
The multitude amaz'd with horror view
The rattling ſtorm, ſhrink back at ev'ry blow,
And ſeem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and from his blood-ſhot e

;url'd in a ſoft embrace. Honour and love
, doubtful conteſt wag'd, but from her ſoon
le ſprung relentleſs, all her tears were vain,
'et oft he turn'd, oft ſigh'd, thus pleading mild:

" Ill ſhould I merit theſe imperial robes,
" Enſigns of majeſty, by gen'ral voice
" Conferr'd, ſhould pain, or death itſelf avail
" To ſhake the ſteady purpoſe of my ſoul.
" Peace, fair one! Heaven will protect the man,
" By thee held dear, and crown thy gen'rous love."

Her from the liſted field the matrons ſage
Reluctant drew, and with fair ſpeeches ſooth'd.

Now front to front the fearleſs champions meet;
Gorgonius like a tow'r, whoſe cloudy top
Invades the ſkies, ſtood low'ring; far beneath
The ſtrippling Hobbinol with careful eye

Each

Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his foes
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wiſe niggard of his ſtrength. Yet all thy care,
O HOBBINOL! avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs blow; o'er his ſtrong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impreſs'd
His nervous chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when the unwary clown, with haſty ſtep,
Cruſhes the folded ſnake, her wounded parts
Grov'ling ſhe trails along, but her high creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled pride,
She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky tongue
Threatens deſtruction. With like eager haſte,
Th' impatient HOBBINOL, whoſe exceſſive pain
Stung to his heart, a ſpeedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
With well-diſſembled guile, his batter'd ſhins

Mark'd

Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
GORGONIUS, whoſe long-ſuff'ring legs ſcarce bore
His cumb'rous bulk, to his ſupporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded creſt
The ſtroke deluſive fell; a diſmal groan
Burſt from his hollow cheſt; his trembling hands
Forſook the hilts, acroſs the ſpacious ring
Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
T' eſcape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, TWANGDILLO! to receive
His pond'rous trunk; on thee, on helpleſs thee,
Headlong, and heavy, the foul monſter fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy ſong,
O ſeer of THRACE! nor more ſevere thy fate.
His vocal ſhell, the ſolace and ſupport
Of wretched age, gave one melodious ſcream,
And in a thouſand fragemnts ſtrew'd the plain.

The nymphs, ſure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid, his hairy breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing gale, and with ſoft hands
His temples chafe; at their perſuaſive touch
His fleeting ſoul returns; upon his rump
He ſat diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd fragments, down again
He ſunk expiring; by their friendly eare
Once more reviv'd, he thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak,
And thrice the riſing ſobs his voice ſubdu'd:
Till thus at laſt his wretched plight he mourn'd.

" SWEET inſtrument of mirth! ſole comfort left
" To my declining years! whoſe ſprightly notes
" Reſtor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
" Soft healing balm to ev'ry wounded heart!
" Deſpairing, dying ſwains, from the cold ground
" Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
" With raviſh'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.

" Gay

" Gay pleaſantry, and care-beguiling joke,
" Thy ſure attendants were, and at thy voice
" All nature ſmil'd. But, oh this hand no more
" Shall touch thy wanton ſtrings, no more with lays
" Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
" The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
" Vain are thy toils, O HOBBINOL! and all
" Thy triumphs vain. Who ſhall record, brave man!
" Thy bold exploits? Who ſhall thy grandeur tell,
" Supreme of KIFTSGATE? See thy faithful bard,
" Deſpoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills!
" Whoſe vocal clifts were taught my joyous ſong.
" Or thou, fair nymph, AVONA, on whoſe banks
" The frolick crowd, led by my num'rous ſtrains,
" Their orgies keep'd, and friſk'd it o'er the green,
" Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm'ring ſtreams
" Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly
" waves
" O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head ac-
" curs'd."

So plains the reſtleſs PHILOMEL, her neſt,
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barb'rous churls a prey;
Darkling ſhe ſings, the woods repeat her moan.

END of the SECOND CANTO.

ARGUMENT of the Third CANTO.

GOOD eating expedient for heroes. HOMER *praiſed for keeping a table.* HOBBINOL *triumphant.* GANDERETTA*'s bill of fare. Panegyrick upon ale. Goſſipping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr.* JOHN PHILLIPS. GANDERETTA*'s perplexity diſcovered by* HOBBINOL; *his conſolatory ſpeech; compares himſelf to* GUY *Earl of* WARWICK. GANDERETTA *encouraged, ſtrips for the race; her amiable figure.* FUSCA *the gypſy, her dirty figure.* TABITHA *her great reputation for ſpeed; hired to the diſſenting academy at* TEWKSBURY. *A ſhort account of* GAMALIEL *the maſter, and his hopeful ſcholars.* TABITHA *carries weight. The ſmock race.* TABITHA*'s fall.* FUSCA*'s ſhort triumph, her humiliation.* GANDERETTA*'s matchleſs ſpeed.* HOBBINOL *lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The viciſſitude of human affairs, experienced by* HOBBINOL. MOPSA, *formerly his ſervant, with her two children apperas to him.* MOPSA*'s ſpeech; aſſaults* GANDERETTA; *her flight.* HOBBINOL*'s prodigious fright; is taken into cuſtody by conſtables, and dragged to Sir* RHADAMANTH*'s.*

CANTO III.

THO' ſome of old, and ſome of modern date,
Penurious their victorious heroes fed
With barren praiſe alone; yet thou, my Muſe!
Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal HOBBINOL; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils.
Let QUIXOTE's hardy courage, and renown,
With SANCHO's prudent care be meetly join'd.

O THOU of bards ſupreme, MÆONIDES!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
Laden with glorious ſpoils, and gay with blood
Of ſlaughter'd hoſts, the victor chief returns.
Whole TROY before him fled, and men, and gods,
Oppos'd

Oppos'd in vain. For the brave man, whoſe arm
Repell'd his country's wrong, ev'n he, the great
ATRIDES, king of kings, even he prepares
With his own royal hand the ſumptuous feaſt.
Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons ſmoke,
Thro' all the buſy camp the riſing blaze
Atteſt their joy; heroes, and kings forego
Their ſtate, and pride, and at his elbow wait
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd charger plac'd,
The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently ſhines.
The choiceſt morſels ſever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repaſt divides with Jove; from out
The ſparkling bowl he draws the gen'rous wine,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd; with unſtinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious HOBBINOL; the crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious chief:

All

All KIFTSGATE ſounds his praiſe with joint ac-
claim.
Him ev'ry voice, him ev'ry knee confeſs,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
The flow'ry turf, Earth's painted lap, are ſpread
The rural dainties; ſuch as Nature boon
Preſents with laviſh hand, or ſuch as owe
To GANDERETTA's care their grateful taſte,
Delicious. For ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good chear
To grace his triumphs. Cryſtal gooſeberries
Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luſcious fruit with pointed ſpears.
The ruby-tinctur'd corinth cluſt'ring hangs,
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams; nor wants the laſt year's ſtore,
The hardy nut, in ſolid mail ſecure,
Impregnable to winter froſts, repays
Its hoarder's care. The cuſtard's gellied flood

Impatient

ſpatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
ieeſecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
well-built pyramids, aſpiring ſtand.
ack hams, and tongues, that ſpeechleſs can per-
ſuade
o ply the briſk carouſe, and chear the ſoul
'ith jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
eny his precious gifts; here jocund ſwains,
uncouth mirth delighted, ſporting quaff
heir native bev'rage; in the brimming glaſs
he liquid amber ſmiles. BRITONS, no more
read your invading foes; let the falſe GAUL,
f rule inſatiate, potent to deceive,
nd great by ſubtile wiles, from th' adverſe ſhore
our forth his num'rous hoſts; IBERIA! join
hy tow'ring fleets, once more aloft diſplay
hy conſecrated banners, fill thy ſails
'ith pray'rs and vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
holy trump'ry, let old Ocean groan

Beneath

Beneath the proud ARMADA vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their toils,
Vain ev'ry raſh effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-grain productive, ſtill ſupplies
The flowing treaſure, and with ſums immenſe
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his ſtubborn ſoul
With native honour, and reſiſtleſs rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'er-
flows
With BRITAIN's glory, and his country's love.

HERE, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out melliſluous ſtreams, the balmy ſpoils
Of the laborious bee. The modeſt maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd:
Each lover with obſervant eye beholds
Her graceful ſhame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires, but matrons ſage,

Better

Better experienc'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight myſteries, and feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious bowl; nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy nectar. Healths of gay import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal ſly
Inſinuating gilds the ſpecious tale
With treach'rous praiſe, and with a double face
Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely ſneers:
Till circling brimmers ev'ry veil withdraw,
And dauntleſs Impudence appears unmaſk'd.
Others apart, in the cool ſhade retir'd,
SILURIAN cyder quaff, by that great bard
Ennobled, who firſt taught my grov'ling Muſe
To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe
My feeble voice to his exalted ſtrains,
Or to the height of this great argument,
The gen'rous liquid in each line ſhou'd bound
Spirit'ous, nor oppreſſive cork ſubdue
Its foaming rage; but to the lofty theme
Unequal, Muſe, decline the pleaſing taſk.

THUS

THUS they luxurious, on the graſſy turf,
Revell'd at large: while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd joy,
And laughter far reſounding; ſerious Care
Found here no place, to GANDERETTA's breaſt
Retiring; there with hopes, and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the ſoft ſigh
Eſcapes unheeded, ſpight of all her art;
The trembling bluſhes on her lovely cheeks,
Alternate ebb, and flow; from the full glaſs
She flies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted feaſt:
But careful HOBBINOL, whoſe am'rous eye
From hers ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the place
Where his dear treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compaſſion melts his ſoul, her glowing cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He preſs'd to his; then with theſe ſoothing words,
Tenderly ſmiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.

" COURAGE, my Fair! the ſplendid prize is
" thine.
" Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,
" Nor blaſt the glories of this happy day.
" Hear me, ye ſwains! Ye men of KIRTSGATE!
" hear:
" Tho' great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
" Theſe royal ornaments, tho' great the force
" Of this puiſſant arm, as all muſt own,
" Who ſaw this day the bold GORGONIUS fall;
" Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
" And knightly proweſs, than that mighty GUY,
" So fam'd in antique ſong, WARWICK's great earl
" Who ſlew the gaint COLBRAND, in fierce fight
" Maintain'd a ſummer's day, and freed this realm
" From DANISH vaſſalage; his pond'rous ſword,
" And maſſy ſpear, atteſt the glorious deed;
" Nor leſs his hoſpitable ſoul is ſeen
" In that capacious cauldron, whoſe large freight
" Might

" Might feaſt a province; yet were I like him
" The nation's pride, like him I cou'd forego
" All earthly grandeur, wander thro' the world
" A jocund pilgrim, in the loneſome den,
" And rocky cave, with theſe my royal hands
" Scoop the cold ſtreams, with herbs, and roots
" content,
" Mean ſuſtenance; could I by this but gain
" For the dear Fair, the prize her heart deſires.
" Believe me, charming maid! I'd be a worm,
" The meaneſt inſect, and the loweſt thing
" The world deſpiſes, to enhance thy fame."
So chear'd he his fair queen, and ſhe was chear'd.

Now with a noble confidence inſpir'd,
Her looks aſſure ſucceſs, now ſtripp'd of all
Her cumb'rous veſtments, beauty's vain diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede

Hung

Hung careleſs, with becoming grace each bluſh
Varied her cheeks, than the gay riſing dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light ſalutes
The joyful Earth, impurpling half the ſkies.
Her heaving breaſt, thro' the thin cov'ring view'd,
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, wou'd mock the ſkill
Of PHIDIAS; Nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her
OREAD, or DRYAD, or of DELIA's train,
Fair virgin huntreſs, for the chace array'd
With painted quiver, and unerring bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior mien,
And goddeſs-like deport. The maſter's hand,
Rare artiſan! with proper ſhades improves
His lively colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
FUSCA the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects

Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled ſkin
Offends the crowd. She of the Gypſy train
Had wander'd long, and the ſun's ſcorching rays
Imbrown'd her viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-ſick maid, who barters all her ſtore
For airy viſions and fallacious hope.
GORGONIUS, if the current fame ſay true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had ſtroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next TABITHA the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantick pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchleſs ſpeed; ſhe many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighb'ring * mart, for muſtard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join

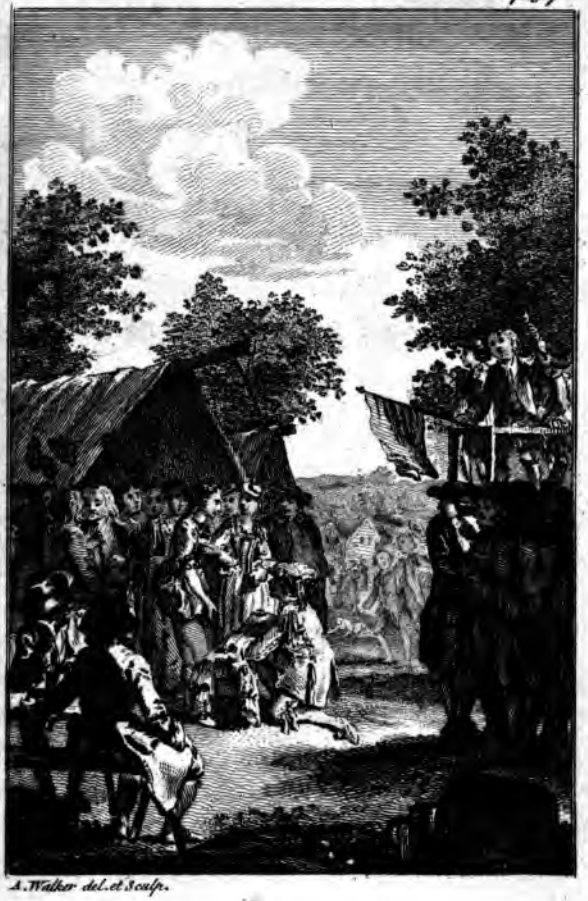
* TEWKSBURY in the Vale of EVESHAM, where the AVON runs into the SEVERN.

The ſiſter floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here GAMALIEL ſage,
Of CAMERONIAN brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful diſcipline of pray'r,
To point the holy leer, by juſt degrees
To cloſe the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms,
T' expoſe the whites, and with the ſightleſs ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raiſe, or ſink
The docile voice, now murm'ring ſoft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence,
Let looſe the ſtorm, and thunder thro' the noſe
The threat'ned vengeance: ev'ry muſe profane
Is baniſh'd hence, and HELICONIAN ſtreams
Deſerted, the fam'd LEMAN lake ſupplies
More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
Each grace divine beſtows, nor yet deniles

Carnal beatitudes, ſweet privilege
Of ſaints elect! Royal prerogative!
Here in domeſtick cares employ'd and bound
To annual ſervitude, frail TABITHA
Her priſtine vigour loſt, now mourns in vain!
Her ſharpen'd viſage, and the ſickly qualms
That grieve her ſoul; a prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedleſs by: yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and ſtill ſhe hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy load, her wonted ſpeed;
Others of meaner fame the ſtately Muſe
Records not; on more lofty flights intent
She ſpurns the ground, and mounts her native ſkies.

Room for the maſter of the ring; ye ſwains!
Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
The glitt'ring prize, on the tall ſtandard born,
Waving in air; before him march in files
The rural minſtrelſy, the rattling drum

Of



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

Of ſolemn ſound, and th' animating horn,
Each huntſman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
Companion dear at feaſts, whoſe chearful notes
Give life, and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking maid
Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
Counting each careful ſtep, he paces o'er
Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
His ſtandard, there himſelf majeſtic ſwells.
Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
Th' expected ſignal, with impatient eyes
Meaſure the ſpace between, and in conceit
Already graſp the warm-conteſted prize.
Now all at once ruſh forward to the goal,
And ſtep by ſtep, and ſide by ſide, they ply
Their buſy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breaſt, and quick they ſhoot along,

Thro' the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
The breathleſs throng with open throats purſue,
And broken accents ſhout imperfect praiſe.
Such noiſe confus'd is heard, ſuch wild uproar,
When on the main the ſwelling ſurges riſe,
Daſh o'er the rocks, and hurrying thro' the flood,
Drive on each others backs, and crowd the ſtrand.
Before the reſt tall TABITHA was ſeen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the ſhooting ſtar that gilds the night
With rapid tranſient blaze, ſhe runs, ſhe flies;
Sudden ſhe ſtops, nor longer can endure
The painful courſe, but drooping ſinks away,
And like that falling meteor, there ſhe lies
A jelly cold on earth. FUSCA, with joy,
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corſe
Inſulting bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now

Exerting

Exerting all her ſpeed, ſtep after ſtep,
At GANDERETTA's elbow urg'd her way,
Her ſhoulder preſſing, and with pois'nous breath
Tainting her iv'ry neck. Long while had held
The ſharp conteſt, had not propitious Heav'n,
With partial hands, to ſuch tranſcendent charms
Diſpens'd its favours. For as o'er the green
The careleſs Gypſy, with incautious ſpeed,
Puſh'd forward, and her rival Fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpaſs'd:
Haply ſhe treads, where late the merry train,
In waſteful luxury, and wanton joy,
Laviſh had ſpilt the cyder's frothy flood,
And mead with cuſtard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous puddle ſtruggling long,
She ſlipp'd, ſhe fell, upon her back ſupine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noiſy ſcorn approv'd her juſt diſgrace.
As the ſleek lev'ret ſkims before the pack,

So flies the nymph, and ſo the crowd purſue.
Born on the wings of wind the Dear One flies,
Swift as the various goddeſs, nor leſs bright
In beauty's prime; when thro' the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celeſtial meſſenger,
Charg'd with the high beheſts of Heav'n's great queen!
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond HOBBINOL; with active leap he ſeiz'd
The coſtly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pauſing ſtood, dumb with exceſs of joy,
Expreſſive ſilence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Leſs mute the crowd, in echoing ſhouts, applaud
Her ſpeed, her beauty, his obſequious love.

UPON a little eminence, whoſe top
O'er look'd the plain, a ſteep, but ſhort aſcent,

Plac'd

Plac'd in a chair of ſtate, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the ſpring,
Fair GANDERETTA ſhone; like mother EVE
In her gay ſylvan lodge, delicious bow'r!
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule, or art, had laviſh'd all her ſtore,
To deck the flow'ry roof; and at her ſide,
Imperial HOBBINOL, with front ſublime
Great as a ROMAN conſul, juſt return'd
From cities ſack'd, and provinces laid waſte,
In his paternal wicker ſat, enthron'd.
With eager eyes the crowd about them preſs,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each inſtrument, proclaims their joy
With loudeſt vehemence: ſuch noiſe is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when at the call
Of BRITAIN'S ſovereign, the ruſtick bands
O'erſpread the fields; the ſubtile candidates
Diſſembled homage pay, and court the fools

Whom

Whom they deſpiſe; each proud majeſtic clown
Looks big, and ſhouts amain, mad with the taſte
Of pow'r ſupreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the ſetting ſun extinct is loſt.

NOR is thy grandeur, mighty HOBBINOL!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts a while,
And ſtrut upon the ſtage; the ſcene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched viciſſitude! for after all
His tinſel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly proſpect, to his eyes preſents
Her, whom his conſcious ſoul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing thro' the crowd, a meagre form,
With haſty ſtep, and viſage incompos'd!
Wildly ſhe ſtar'd; rage ſparkled in her eyes,
And Poverty ſat ſhrinking on her cheeks.

Yet

Yet thro' the cloud that hung upon her brows,
A faded luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and ſhatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breaſt,
And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,
His fruſtrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending ſhoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his ſhare defrauded; then amain
He alſo ſcreams, and to his brother's cries,
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawleſs love! O ſting
Of Pleaſure paſt! As when a full-freight ſhip,
Bleſt in a rich return of pearls or gold,
Or fragrant ſpice, or ſilks of coſtly dye,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for port with ſwelling ſails,
And all her gaudy trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd

The

The maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall creek,
A lurking corſair the rich quarry ſpies,
With all her ſails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow ſides
Check his triumphant courſe; aghaſt he ſtands,
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly; all his fond hopes
Are daſh'd at once; nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad choice of ſlavery, or death.
So far'd it with the hapleſs HOBBINOL,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpris'd by her, whoſe dreadful face alone
Cou'd ſhake his ſtedfaſt ſoul. In vain he turns,
And ſhifts his place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely ſpoke her wrongs. Words ſwell'd with ſighs
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.

" KNOW'ST

" KNOW'ST thou not me? falſe man! not to
" know me,
" Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
" Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with ſucceſs.
" Is injur'd MOPSA then ſo ſoon forgot?
" Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou
" did'ſt.
" But if laborious days, and ſleepleſs nights,
" If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
" Inſeparable gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
" And Fortune's frowns have blaſted all my charms;
" If here no roſes grow, no lilies bloom,
" Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
" If thro' the world I range a ſlighted ſhade,
" The ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet-ſimp'ring
" babe,
" Dear image of thyſelf; ſee! how it ſprunts

" With joy at thy approach! ſee, how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth face, with falſe paternal ſmiles!
" Native deceit, from thee, baſe man, deriv'd!
" Or view this other elf, in ev'ry art
" Of ſmiling fraud, in ev'ry treach'rous leer,
" The very HOBBINOL! Ah! cruel man!
" Wicked, ingrate! And cou'd'ſt thou then ſo ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal night,
" When me beneath the flow'ry thorn ſurpriz'd,
" Thy artful wiles betray'd? Was there a ſtar,
" By which thou didſt not ſwear? Was there a curſe,
" A plague on earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted head; if e'er thy heart
" Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
" Declin'd the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
" Too well, alas! my throbbing breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending ſtorm; the conſcious moon
" Veil'd in a ſable cloud her modeſt face,
" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.

" And

"And yet I love thee.—Oh! cou'd'ſt thou behold
"That image dwelling in my heart! But why?
"Why waſte I here theſe unavailing tears?
"On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,
"On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
"All, all my vengeance fall! Ye lightnings blaſt
"That face accurs'd, the ſource of all my woe!
"Arm, arm, ye furies! arm; all Hell break looſe!
"While thus I lead you to my juſt revenge,
"And thus"—Up ſtarts th' aſtoniſh'd HOBBINOL
To ſave his better half. "Fly, fly, he cries,
"Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicious rage."
Born on the wings of fear away ſhe bounds,
And in the neighb'ring village pants forlorn.
So the cours'd hare to the cloſe covert flies,
Still trembling, tho' ſecure. Poor HOBBINOL
More grievous ills attend, around him preſs
A multitude, with huge HERCULEAN clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate theſe

Inſulting

Inſulting ſhew: arreſted, and amaz'd,
Half dead he ſtands; no friends dare interpoſe
But bow dejected to th' imperial ſcroll.
Such is the force of law. While conſcious ſh
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To RHADAMANTH's auguſt tribunal dragg'd.
Good RHADAMANTH! to ev'ry wanton clow
Severe, indulgent to himſelf alone.

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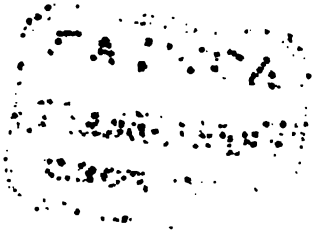

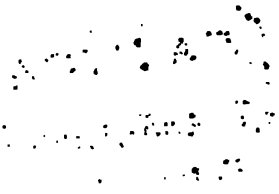

J, L.